

AN OLD TREE

Will Not Bear Trans-planting

By MARTIN GOLDTHWAITE

The nineteenth century made some changes in personal responsibility. During the early part of it, when there was more inheritance among men, it was necessary to make a great deal of the honor of the family. An exercise of anything kept alive. When it is dormant it is liable to retrograde. It was not till 1800 or thereabouts that the punch system for fare collectors on railroads and street car lines was introduced, and the companies made the public their agents, informing them of the collector's duties. It was one of these notices posted in a street car that gave rise to Mark Twain's celebrated digression.

A one trip slip for an eight cent fare, a two trip slip for a six cent fare, a three trip slip for a five cent fare. Punched in the presence of the passengers. Punch, brothers, punch; punch with care; punch in the presence of the passengers! Then, too, the merchant of the early part of the nineteenth century considered it a disgrace to fail in business. He had inherited from his ancestors the tradition that in monetary transactions he could only maintain a respected position among his fellow men by paying dollar for dollar. Many a man of that time died of a broken heart not entirely because of the loss of his wealth, but the loss of his honor.

These illustrations could be added ad libitum, but the two mentioned will suffice to give the younger members of the community today an idea of those times when there were no patent devices for insuring honesty.

When the war between the states broke out Ned Carleton, a boy of fifteen, enlisted, though he was three years under the required age, and marched south with his regiment. After the battle of Shiloh he was reported missing and was dropped from the regimental roster. His family mourned him as dead.

In the year 1900 a man giving his name as Judson MacIntyre called upon an oculist to save the sight of one of his eyes. The oculist after a number of visits on the part of the patient discovered that he was suffering from a depression at a certain point in his skull, causing a pressure on the optic nerve, and recommended trepanning the part. MacIntyre was operated on by a surgeon and the moment he became conscious after the passing of the effect of the anesthetic cried out, rising to a sitting posture:

"Stand fast, boys! We're drivin' 'em. Don't excite yourself," said the surgeon, gently forcing the patient down on his back.

"Oh, I see," said MacIntyre, looking about him, "I've been hit. I'm in hospital, I suppose."

"The operation has been successful. You'll be all right very soon."

"Did we lick 'em?"

"Lick whom?"

"The Confederates."

Those about the patient looked at one another as much as to say, "He's out of his head."

"You must keep quiet, Mr. MacIntyre," said the surgeon.

"MacIntyre! Who are you talking to? My name's not MacIntyre; I'm Ned Carleton of the Indiana volunteers."

And so he was. For forty years a pressure on his brain, occasioned by a wound in the head, had made him oblivious to his existence for the last fifteen years of his life. How he had come to assume another name he didn't quite remember, but during four decades he had lived under that name. But he had not lived in America. His earliest remembrance was of Australia, though how he got there he didn't know. He had been a sailor a part of the time since he began his second existence, while the rest had been spent as a sheep herder.

And now Carleton, fifty-five years old, having recovered from the operation, was obliged to go out into the world and earn a living. He had been well educated for a boy of fifteen and wrote an excellent hand. He went about applying for a clerkship. Everywhere he applied he was received with surprise.

"We don't hire any one of your age for a clerk," he was told. "We prefer young men."

"I'm a good peelman. Can't you give me some copying to do?"

"Typewriting? What's that?"

"That young lady will explain it to you," pointing to a girl clicking a machine.

The poor fellow, taking up as he did the thread of life from the age of sixteen, did not apply for a man's work.

One day Carleton, being kindly received by a benevolent looking gentleman, told the man his story, eliciting a great deal of interest.

"I will do what I can for you," said the gentleman. "We need a collector. How would you like that position?"

"Glad to get anything," said Carleton, "and I'm sure you will find me honest. I'll not pocket my collections."

The gentleman did not seem impressed with that phase of the case, but he gave Carleton the position, naming his salary at \$10 a week. Carleton was surprised.

"Do you mean, Mr. Gregory," he asked, "that I am to be trusted to

collect funds for you and be paid only \$10 a week? It seems to me that you need a trustworthy person for that service, and a trustworthy person should command more money."

"Oh, we don't take any account of honesty. There are insurance companies who attend to that."

"And if I appropriate the funds I collect?"

"They will secure your arrest and put you in jail."

Carleton looked at the man in astonishment.

"Do you think, Mr. Gregory, that to deny a man your confidence is conducive to honesty?"

"To speak frankly, I do not."

"Then why do you refuse to trust me?"

"Because it is the system under which all men work. We cannot do business under different conditions from other concerns."

"May I consider your offer over night?"

"Yes, if you like," with some surprise.

Carleton had been born of Christian parents, who had taught him to be scrupulous in the matter of "mine and thine," never to tell a lie and to consider himself required to deal honorably with all men. This offer of a position with an insurance policy on his honor was a bitter pill for him to swallow, but he must make a living, and the next morning he went to Mr. Gregory and told him that he was ready to go to work.

"Very well; go upstairs and have your photograph taken."

"Photograph! What's that for?"

"A custom of these times. All our employees are photographed. If they run away with our funds and we have a likeness their capture is easier."

"Do you mean, Mr. Gregory, that you keep a rogues' gallery of your clerks?"

"Not at all. We keep the gallery, and it is for the individual to make a rogue of himself."

Carleton stood looking at the gentleman with eyes wide open. Finally he said:

"I was brought up by a father and a mother who would have considered it dangerous to me not to give me their implicit confidence. You are treating your fellow men as they dared not treat me, and by doing so if you are not encouraging dishonesty you are surely paving the way for it. If I acceded to your terms I should consider that so far as you are concerned I had a right to beat you if I could. This would be the first step to my own degradation. The next would be to beat the rest of the world if I could do so without risk to myself. I am much obliged for your offer, but I cannot accept it. I was born at a time when all men were trusted till they proved unworthy. I came to my youth at a time when my countrymen were acting upon the highest principle of honor in giving their lives for their fellow men. Suppose that vast army who died on the battlefield and in the hospital should rise from their graves and confront you. Would they not shudder at the standard of honor which has replaced the one under which they gave up their lives?"

Mr. Gregory listened to these words, spoken by one who had really but just renewed his existence from that period when the youth of the country had lived under a higher standard of honor, a standard of truest manhood, and when he had finished said:

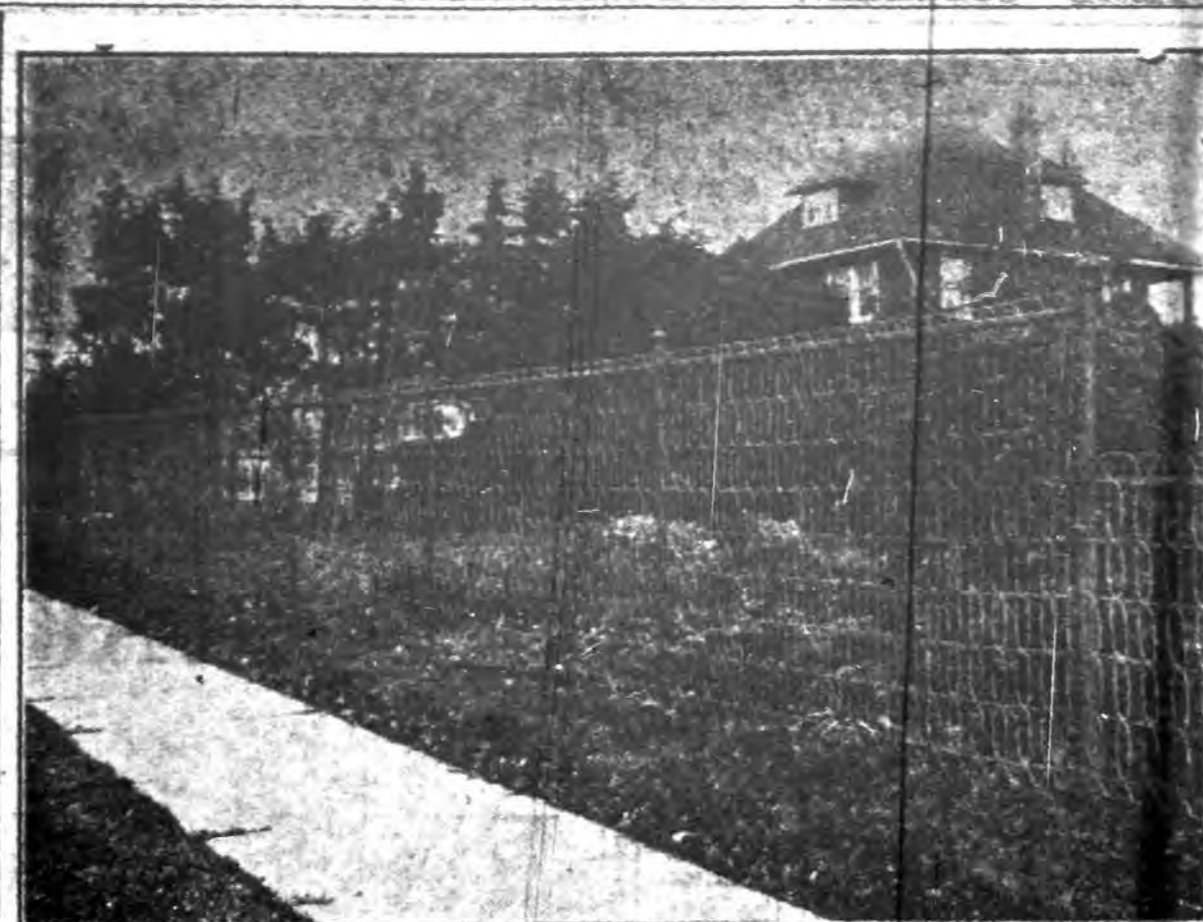
"The years, the centuries, are rolling on. The standard of one age is not the standard of another. But while we must preserve our individual honor we must submit to that which exists about us."

"You have passed with but a single step over forty years. You find that the system, or rather the lack of system, of that time has been replaced by another. The youth of '61 would have scorned to accept a position wherein provisions were taken to avoid loss by their dishonesty and to facilitate their capture if they betrayed a trust. We have the youth of the twentieth century. Nevertheless they are the same beings, and the latter may maintain their self respect as well as the former, for, after all, it is in the man and not the system."

"Doubtless you are right, Mr. Gregory," after some thought, "but to transplant the youth of '61 into 1901 is a failure. You might as well try to grow oranges in the northern states. I thank you for the position offered me, but I shall decline it, not that I would demean myself by accepting it, for you have shown me that after all it is the man rather than the system, but that I cannot bear transplanting from the soil of '61 to that of 1901."

That night Carleton slept on a bench in a park, or rather, he lay awake, thinking of those who had been fighting with him in the "horns' nest" of Shiloh. Who of the company had fallen? Who had lived and grown to old age with the unexpired portion of the century? Doubtless those who were now alone had ceased to be a part of the systems in vogue during their youth and had glided unconsciously into the systems of their old age.

One morning a body was found floating in a river and dragged ashore. The clothing was shabby, the only adornment being an army badge made of gun metal. It was the corpse of Edward Carleton. He had spoken truly when he said that he would not bear transplanting from the middle of the nineteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth. He had tried several jobs, but the sense that he was not trusted so worked upon his feelings that he at last gave up every one of them. Having been taken from an atmosphere where he breathed freely, he decided to go where breathing was not necessary to existence.



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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Assessment have filed with the Town Clerk their official final reports, maps and assessments of the whole costs and expenses in the matter of the following improvements, and the same are now open to the inspection of those in interest:

Laying out, opening, straightening, extending and widening of James street.

Notice is also given that the Bloomfield Town Council at a regular meeting held February 23d, 1912, did fix and determine Monday evening, March 4th, 1912, at eight o'clock, at the Bloomfield Council Chamber, National Bank Building, Bloomfield, as the time and place when and where said Council will meet to consider any objections which may be filed in writing to the aforesaid reports, maps and assessments.

By order of the Town Council.
RAYMOND F. DAVIS,
Town Clerk.

NOTICE.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, held on the 12th day of February, 1912: Whereas it is in the interest of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, that a sanitary sewer be constructed in Cottage place, hereinafter more particularly described.

Now, therefore, be it resolved by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, that it is in the interest of said town to have a sanitary sewer constructed in Cottage place in said town of Bloomfield.

Beginning at the sanitary sewer in Spring street, thence through Cottage place in an easterly direction, three hundred and thirty (330) feet, more or less, and ending there.

Notice is hereby given that objections in writing to the above resolution or to the said proposed improvement shall be filed with the Town Clerk on or before Monday, March 18, 1912, on which date the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield will meet at 8 o'clock P. M. in the Council Chamber, National Bank Building, Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, to consider any such objections that may be filed as aforesaid.

By order of the Town Council.
RAYMOND F. DAVIS,
Town Clerk.

ESTATE OF AUGUSTA SWOLINSKY, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of ISAAC SHORNFELT, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executrix of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation, their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

GRETCHEN S. FRENCH,
Plitch & Plitch, Executors.

ESTATE OF GEORGE PETERSON, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of ISAAC SHORNFELT, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executrix of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation, their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

ANNA M. PETERSON,
Plitch & Plitch, Executors.

HOT FOODS IN RUSSIA.

The Steaming Scene in a Railroad Eating Room.

We stopped at Lubin for supper. The guard unlocked our car, opened the door and pointed to the station, where we found a monster eating room; with huge lunch counters on either side and long rows of tables down the middle. Everybody was standing up. There were no seats anywhere. Hot soft drinks were served at the side counters and smoking coffee and tall glasses of hot, clear tea. The Russian swallows only hot drinks and eats only hot foods. On the center tables, set above spirit lamps, were hot dishes with big metal covers. There were glasses of hot drink for a few kopecks, which the Russian pours down all at once.

Taking a plate from a pile standing ready, you help yourself to what you choose. There were hot doughnuts with hashed meat inside, hot apple dumplings, hot juicy steaks, hot stews, hot fish—all h-o-t. When you have eaten your fill you pay your bill at a counter near the entrance, according to your own reckoning. The Russian is honest in little things, and nobody doubts your word or questions the correctness of your payment. The eating room was full of big, tall, robust, fair haired, blue eyed men and a few women. The Russian is big himself, he likes big things, he thinks on big lines, he sees with wide vision—too wide almost to be practical. Hanging around the station were groups of unkempt, dirty peasants. We see such groups of gaping peasants at every station, always a hopeless look of "don't care" in their eyes.—William Seymour Edwards in "Through Scandinavia to Moscow."

The Stove of Our Fathers.

The stoves of a hundred or so years ago were not things to be lightly passed over by the human vision if they were all like those advertised in a New York paper of the time in these terms:

"A few Pyramidal Stoves, shaped nearly as follows: Standing 6 feet 6 inches high, with lion's feet, the bust of General Washington on top, the arms of the United States on each side, with regulating doors. The whole moulded, ornamented and finished in a masterly style; forming an elegant stove for coal or wood; appropriate for Churches, Public Offices, Halls or large Stores."—New York Herald.

Armor and Ancestors.

According to the Revue Scientifique, it is possible to trace in modern and quite poor people the marks of armor bearing ancestry. The wearing of necks and bodies of generations produced certain birthmarks, which can be found today on members of families "not in good social position." But investigation has proved they are of gentle descent.

Just Oratory.

"I can understand spread eagle tactics, but here's something I can't understand."

"What's that?"

"Why should a congressman arguing for an appropriation to dredge a creek speak bitterly about the crowned heads of Europe?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Suggestion.

Younghubb—You should curb your desires, my dear. Remember, we are just starting out in life and must economize. Mrs. Younghubb—But isn't getting into debt the best way? Then we'll have to economize.—Boston Transcript.

Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof.—Channing.

Eagle Stones and Luck.

Among the superstitious the eagle stone is held in high esteem as a lucky charm. Those one of the richest men in the world would probably turn aside the question, if it were put to him, as to how much of his great success, how many of his millions, were due to his eagle stone. Yet for a quarter of a century, perhaps even more, that eagle stone has reposed in a pocket of his trousers each business day. When pondering over propositions that have needed immediate decision this magnum has been seen to take out this stone and pass it from one hand to the other. It is a genuine "charm" that will keep away disaster, it is said, and gets its name from the fact that it was found in an eagle's nest. Those who know something of the lore of superstitions say that if a ribbon or some scrap of fabric is passed through the hole which a perfect eagle stone is always supposed to contain the potency of the "charm" is much enhanced.—New York Sun.

Repels Attack of Death.

"Five years ago two doctors told me I had only two years to live." This startling statement was made by Stillman Green, Malachite, Col. "They told me I would die with consumption. It was up to me then to try the best lung medicine and I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery. It was well I did, for today I am working and believe I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure that has cheated the grave of another victim." It's folly to suffer with coughs, colds or other throat and lung troubles now. Take the cure that's safest. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at all druggists.—Adv.

Burglar and Fire Proof Vaults. We have complete facilities for the storage of valuables. Safety Boxes a \$4.00 per annum and up wards. The Bloomfield National Bank.—Adv.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

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FOR COUGHS 50¢ & \$1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

TOWN OF BLOOMFIELD.

Proposals for Broken Stone.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield at the office of the Town Clerk of said town, on Monday, March 4, 1912, at 8 o'clock P. M., for the furnishing of 3,000 tons, more or less, of broken stone, the same to be Orange Mountain trap rock, or stone of equal quality, and different sizes, delivered at such points in the town as may be designated by the Road Committee.

Each proposal must state the price per ton of 2,240 pounds.

Each load of stone delivered must be accompanied with a weigher's certificate.

All proposals must be sealed and inscribed "Proposals for Furnishing Broken Stone," and addressed to Raymond F. Davis, Town Clerk.

Each bid must be also accompanied with a certified check for one hundred dollars (\$100) drawn to the order of the Town of Bloomfield, as a guarantee of good faith of the bidder.

The Town Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Town Council.
RAYMOND F. DAVIS,
Town Clerk.

NOTICE.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, held on the 12th day of February, 1912: Whereas it is in the interest of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, that a concrete curb and sidewalk be constructed on both sides of Glenwood avenue and an improved granite block pavement constructed in the roadway of said Glenwood avenue, between Glenwood and Linden avenues.

Beginning in Glenwood avenue at the southerly side of Bloomfield avenue, thence running along Glenwood avenue in a southerly easterly direction fourteen hundred and thirty-five (1435) feet, more or less, to the northerly side of Linden avenue, and ending there.

Notice is hereby given that objections in writing to the above resolution or to the said proposed improvement shall be filed with the Town Clerk on or before Monday, March 18, 1912, on which date the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield will meet at 8 o'clock P. M. in the Council Chamber, National Bank Building, Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, to consider any such objections that may be filed as aforesaid.

By order of the Town Council.
RAYMOND F. DAVIS,
Town Clerk.

ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE CONCERNING SALARIES OF TOWN OFFICERS OF THE TOWN OF BLOOMFIELD.

The Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex do ordain as follows: Section 1. The annual salaries and compensations of the Town Officers herein named shall be respectively as follows, for the ensuing year:

Town Collector	\$1,000.00
Town Clerk	500.00
Town Attorney	500.00
Town Physician	1,000.00
Chief of Fire Department	200.00
Overseer of the Poor	500.00
Town Treasurer	500.00
Superintendent of Public Works	1,000.00
Recorder	500.00
Town Engineer	1,000.00
Superintendent of Water Works	1,000.00
Each Town Councilman	200.00
Chief of Police	1,000.00
Sergeant of Police	500.00
Roundsman	500.00
Each Regular Policeman, appointed	500.00
Police Force	500.00
Each Member of the Board of Assessors	500.00

Provided, however, that the Clerk of the Board of Assessors shall receive the sum of \$200 per annum in addition to his salary as member of said Board.

Ordinance adopted February 19, 1912.

Mayor of the Town of Bloomfield.

Attest:
RAYMOND F. DAVIS,
Town Clerk.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Assessment have filed with the Town Clerk their official preliminary reports, maps and assessments of the whole costs and expenses in the matter of the following improvements, and the same are now open to the inspection of those in interest:

Laying out, opening, straightening, extending and widening of Hoffman boulevard.

Notice is also given that the Bloomfield Town Council at a regular meeting held February 23d, 1912, did fix and determine Monday evening, March 4th, 1912, at eight o'clock, at the Bloomfield Council Chamber, National Bank Building, Bloomfield, as the time and place when and where said Council will meet to consider any objections which may be filed in writing to the aforesaid reports, maps and assessments.

By order of the Town Council.
RAYMOND F. DAVIS,
Town Clerk.

NOTICE.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, held on the 5th day of February, 1912:

Whereas it is in the interest of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, that a concrete curb and sidewalk be constructed on both sides of Cottage place, hereinafter more particularly described.

Now, therefore, be it resolved by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, that it is in the interest of said town to have a concrete curb and concrete sidewalk constructed on both sides of Cottage place in said town of Bloomfield.

Beginning in Cottage place at the easterly curb-line of Spring street, thence running along Cottage place in an easterly direction three hundred and twenty five (325) feet, more or less, and ending there.

The above described curb and sidewalk to be constructed on both sides of Cottage place.

Notice is hereby given that objections in writing to the above resolution or to the said proposed improvement shall be filed with the Town Clerk on or before Monday, March 4, 1912, on which date the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield will meet at 8 o'clock P. M. in the Council Chamber, National Bank Building, Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, to consider any such objections that may be filed as aforesaid.

By order of the Town Council.
RAYMOND F. DAVIS,
Town Clerk.

ESTATE OF CYRUS PARSONS, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of ISAAC SHORNFELT, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executrix of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation, their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

JEANETTE ACKERMAN,
Executrix and Executor.

NOTHING ON THE FARM PAYS SO WELL AS HENS.

Improve your flock by introducing new, strong, vigorous blood from a pair, namely, laying strains of White Leghorns.

Keen for setting. Best matings. \$25.00 per pair; \$10.00 per 100. Utility stock, \$15.00 per 100.

N. Y. & N. J. POULTRY FARM, Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.

Box 100, Orangeburg, N. Y.

REFERENCES: Mr. J. W. Watson, Dumas, N. J.; Mr. W. E. Edwards, Orangeburg, N. Y.; Mr. J. C. Clark, Orangeburg, N. Y.; Mr. J. C. Clark, Orangeburg, N. Y.

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